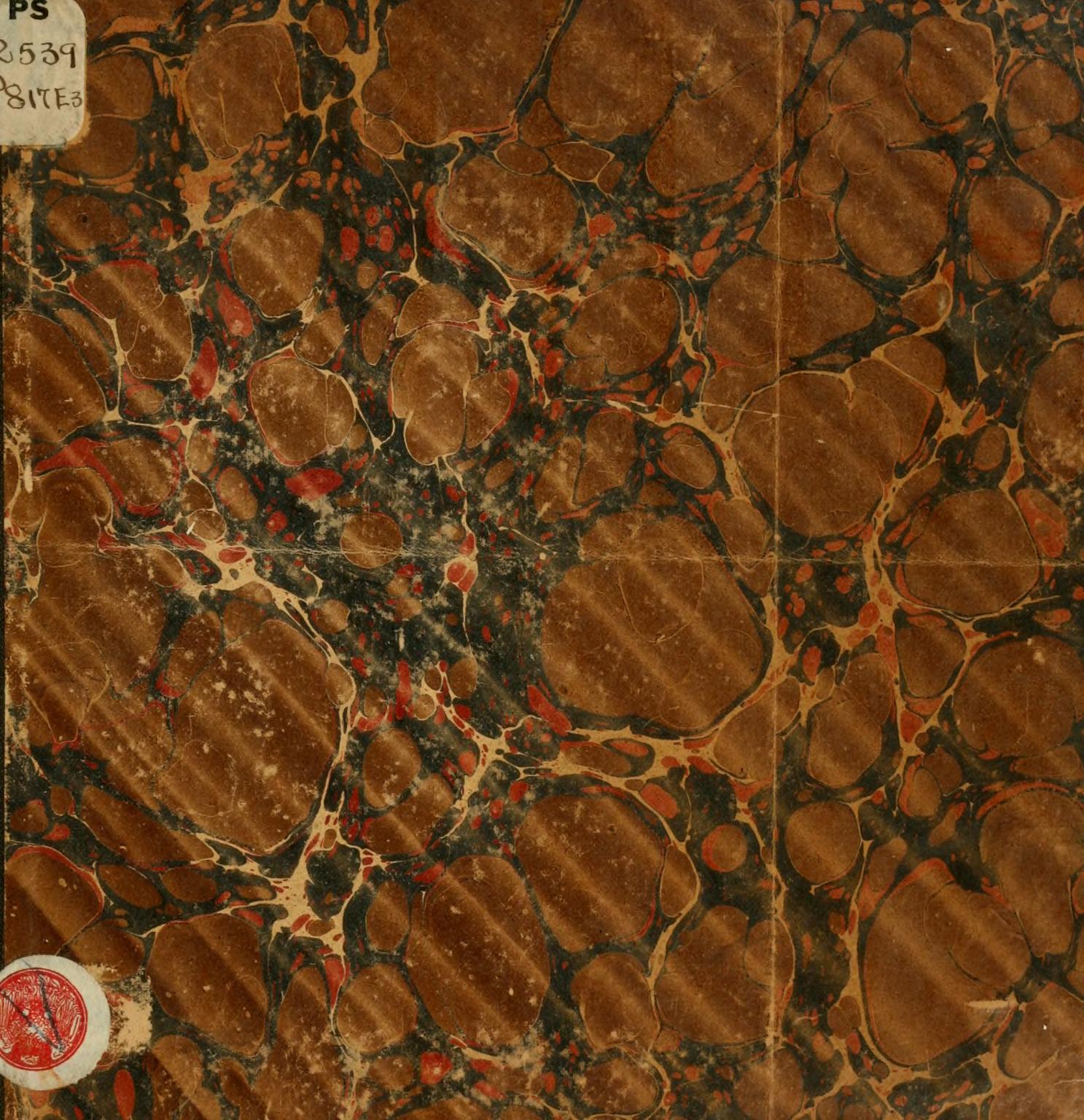


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Easter Song



Easter Song



CASTER'S SON

by
Charlotte Pendleton

Illustrated by
Gabrielle D. Clements



EASTER SONG

BY

CHARLOTTE PENDLETON

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
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To

My Mother

who

by reason of her

Noble Beauty and Great Courage

became to me the example of

A Perfect Woman

Easter Song

*A*s Mary came with reverent feet,
Laden with spices rare and sweet;
Bearing them weeping through the
gloom
Find silence brooding overhead,
Where the dear Lord the Christ, lay
dead
Within the tomb;

Through garden paths so dark and
chill

The very birds were sleeping still,
To watch alone until the dawn;
And marvelled at the break of day
To find the great stone rolled away;
The Master gone:



She knew Him even when He came
And spake until He called her name,
"Mary!" when to her wondering eyes
The gift of vision was restored.
She knew Him for her risen Lord
With glad surprise:



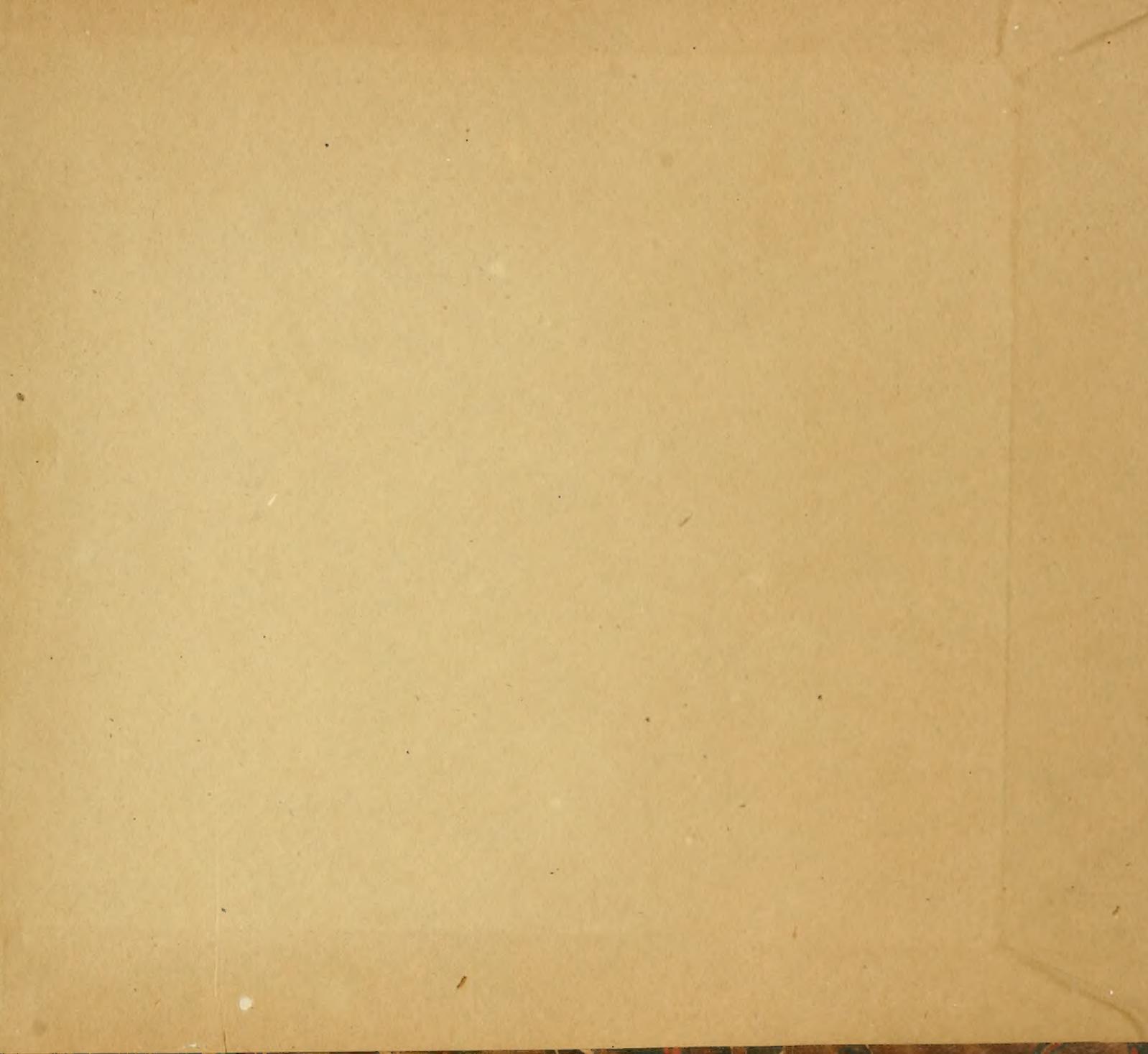
So when to hearts bowed down
and worn,
He shows Himself this Easter morn.
The risen Lord, we scarcely know
The meaning of that empty tomb,
Our thoughts have grown attuned
to gloom
And we are slow

To learn the mystery sublime
Of conquest over death and time.
O risen Lord, dear Master, give
Us sight through all the gathering
 gloom,
By faith, of Thee beyond the tomb,
 In whom we live!









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